

MOUNTAIN— —ECHOES

THE DEEP RIVER BOYS



March

1955

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Warden

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Editorial

What Is A Prison?

Many comments made recently by individuals who consider themselves to be authorities on the life men lead behind prison walls, would do well to read the article on page 4 entitled: **What Really Makes A Prison?**

For someone who takes freedom for granted, life behind prison bars naturally presents a world that is almost impossible to comprehend and yet these same persons will give their opinions without considering or knowing the hopes and frustrations which lie within the hearts and minds of those confined.

In a statement made by Erle Stanley Gardner, noted author, he said: "If the public would only co-operate by getting the best penologists it could possibly find, giving them a relatively free hand and letting the penologists tell the public what should be done to cope with the crime problem instead of insisting on telling the penologists what they must do, then the public could reasonably hope for some improvement."

A True Friend

Again Mr. Charles Mazzone of Winnipeg's famed Rancho Don Carlos, has come through with another of his great shows for our entertainment. This time The Deep River Boys. Picture and text on page 6. Our deepest appreciation to this gentleman for making life behind prison walls a little less monotonous and giving us an opportunity to see such famed personalities.

Coming Next Month

The end of the local hockey season is near at hand and in next month's issue we will cover the championships and players with pictures that will write finis to another successful hockey season.

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March

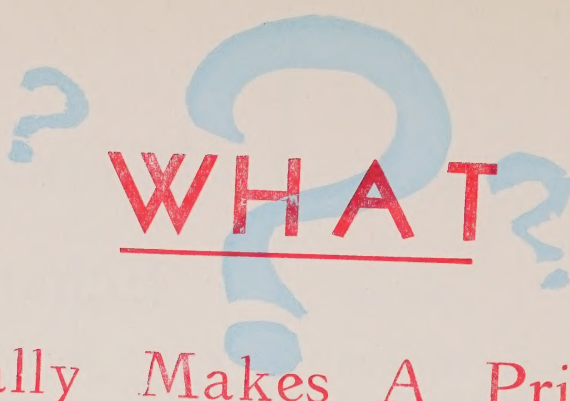
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WHAT?

Really Makes A Prison?

By R. Beach

Stone walls and iron bars, do not a prison make.

Recently, many self-appointed authorities have been letting off steam, and getting space in various newspapers with their theories of prison. To those who claim to know prisons, prisoners, and what is best for them: Can you say you know the men in them? Can you recognize them? Can you say prisons are walled-off Sunday schools, that they are too easy on those behind them and not feel guilt in making such an erroneous statement? Do you think you can visualize the thoughts that tear through the imprisoned one's minds.

Prison—years in prison. These are words that rebound with an echoing clash in the mind, that dry the throat, dampen the palms of the hands, make the heart pound with an undescrivable urgency—words that tear the very being when first heard.

Why! Why did I do it? Again and again that question in the mind, yet it remains unanswered. For I know not why. To throw away life—to toss away the future—to make a living hell out of tomorrow. This is only part of what doing wrong does to a man. But it is a big part.

To feel the tomorrows slip into today, and then become yesterdays. Unending, unchanging, in constant procession. Eating into the very soul with monotony, tearing at the heart with an unsatiated hunger that only the incarcerated can understand. For this is a life abused, a hope crippled, a possible happiness now changed into anxiety, uncertainty, longing, yearning, hopelessness. This is now the mind's food, the heart's beat.

The dreams that were so wonderful, the plans that provided everything. They are dead now, buried in a cubicle in the mind, the heart, and the prison range. The girl I shared my dreams with, now sharing hers with another. The friends I planned with, gone their way now—parted by those conditions called imprisonment.

The job that was to provide tomorrow's needs. It, too, is lost. For it is a way of life that cannot ever be re-entered. They do not accept ex-cons. This, all because of a moment's foolishness, if that word can cover the wrong that was borne in the mind. It was such a moment, such a thought

that has brought forth this living nightmare. True, a moment with unknown cause, without apparent reason, without any justification; a moment that was succumbed to with these results. What else can it be called but foolishness, this tossing of a life aside. These are some of the questions that continue to hammer in the mind every day; questions that continue to go unanswered.

You say you know what prison is like? The only way you can is to have lived in one awhile. For prison is not the stone and brick walls, the iron bars, the constant monotony, the lack of freedom. Man can live with in these conditions, as many do, if only these conditions prevail. Prison is the torturer of the soul, the home of the damned. It is the crushing frustration that keeps pounding at the mind. It is the hopelessness that encompasses the man, the knowledge that we are as the dead; a living thing without sun or moisture,

You can recognize these men from behind the high walls, can you? We do not look like what the movies portray us to be; what authors describe us as, and what cartoonists draw to provide merriment for you. Very few bear any resemblance to the jungle beasts that we are often portrayed to be. Less by far than the many who actually walk the streets. We're just people; fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, friends, sweethearts — though with the years in here we are often forgotten as such. We have done wrong, and are now paying for that wrong. Most of us are sorry for having done so, sorrier still for having hurt those who meant so much to us.

If they meant so much to you, then why did you do it? you say! Why does one strike a loved one in a moment of anger? Why do some drink, some curse and rage, and others just run away when something goes wrong? Could not similar actions or motives, or hurts, cause us to say to hell with the law, and revert to primitive dictates for just a short period? Was it some sort of rebellion, or apparent immaturity? Whatever it was, whatever the cause, we are paying now, often without knowing why we did wrong, without any attempt made to help in finding the cause of this self-destruction. I guess that's why we have prisons — it solves the problem of what to do with us without finding out why we did so.

A Sunday School? Too easy? I feel sorry for those who think this. A Sunday School? No! Hell is a better word for it. For souls are not cleansed or soothed here. They are ravaged and torn, strangled and smothered. There is no room for warmth, for kindness, for there is no warmth or kindness that can penetrate the shell that surrounds each of us. A shell that protects us from the crushing thoughts that race through our minds, that holds our sanity in some sort of semblance to a balance.

Prison is a place of the lost, the scorned and the damned. There is nothing easy in it. It is even a battle to keep the will to live alive, to face tomorrow with its coldness and monotony, its drabness and darkness. It is a chapel of torture, a chain of brutality; primitive, disgusting, and

(Continued on page 23)

The Deep River Boys

By B. Reese

In the picture on the right — The Deep River Boys, Decca Recording Stars, get into the swing of things "On Stage" at the Mountain.



Above (l to r): Jim, Vern, Harry, Eddy and pianist, Ray, give out with their rendition of "Honey, Honey!"

While waiting for what was to be quite an enjoyable hour for everyone in attendance, the boys in our orchestra commenced to warm-up the large audience prior to the arrival of the Deep River Boys. With the song stylings of Sherbo and Kyle and the jokes of Harry — Harry Rendle is the gentleman who emceed our Christmas Show so capably — one could not help but get into a happy frame of mind. The tunes which Zegil, Nolan, Kapitan, Beauchamp, Wallis and Alberts presented were well received and the boys are to be commended for their effort.

Finally the door of the auditorium swung open heralding the arrival of our guests of honor. Leading the parade was a man well-known and respected by all—Winnipeg's home-grown impresario, Charlie Mazzone, followed by the Deep River Boys & Michael Hopkins, a local disc-jockey with radio station CJOB. Indeed, Wednesday, Feb. 16th., is a day that

will be long remembered for the tunefully wholesome entertainment presented by Harry Douglas, Vern Gardiner, Eddie Ware, Jim Lundy, vocalists, and Ray Durant, their accompanist — the Deep River Boys.

There is no doubt in anyone's mind that these men possess talent of outstanding calibre. To spotlight the performances of each member of the group is, of course, impossible due to our limited space. However, the smooth voice of Harry leading the combo in each number was the star of the show, followed closely by tenors Jim and Vern and the little man with the deep, deep voice, Eddie Ware.

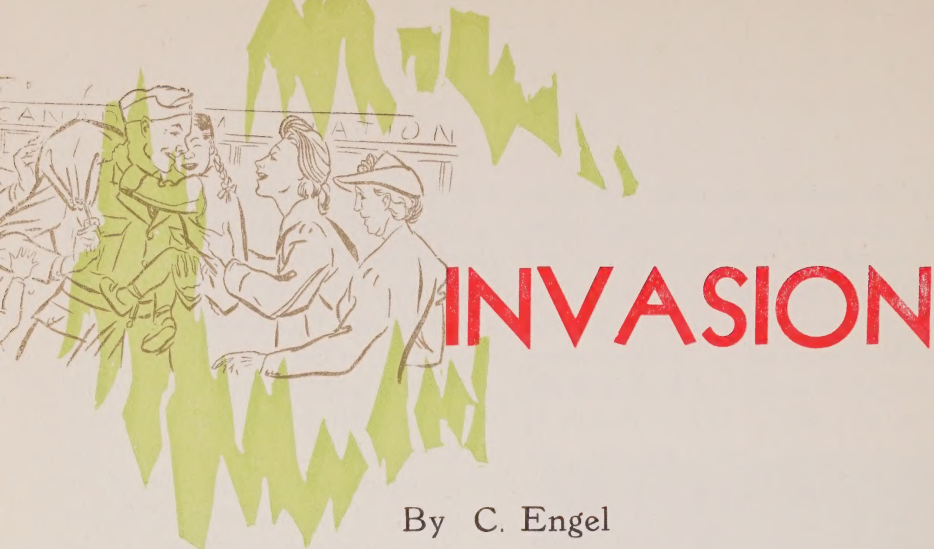
Their pianist, Ray, proved that he could carry his part of the load in giving out with a couple of piano solos.

After the opening number: *When You're Smiling*, Harry stepped forward and extended an invitation to "name it" (he was taken up on it!)

(Continued on page 23)

left to right: Michael Hopkins, Charles Mazzone, and Harry Rendle





By C. Engel

Wars are things that we can well do without but they have been with us for as long back as some of us can remember. They do have one redeeming feature, however. Without them the memories of many places and people that wars took some of us to would only be as pictured on films, or described in print.

The sights of our own country were as foreign to many as the travel poster depicting the wonders of a cruise around the world, and so, came the revolution, "Nasties" against everybody, and a lot of us were off on a tour with McNaughton.

Contrary to an ordinary tour this one was on the house, and everybody going was a hero. Little was then known of the battles to be fought in the pubs across Canada, the fabulous charges of the ladies in the great skirmishes of Piccadilly Circus and Victoria Street, the strategic withdrawals from high ranking brass into the confines of the Windsor Dive, Elephant and Castle, and the good old Lord High Admiral, or of the horrors to be encountered in the great tests of wits during the "Chocolate Bar Barbers" on the streets and

alleys of the cities throughout the Continent. Heroes we were, during those autumn days of 1939 when we sailed off after our basic training at home where men were men and women had lots of chocolate bars to fight the common enemy.

Aboard a troop train eating its way to the sea were feelings of mixed emotion. In some quarters hilarity reigned supreme. These were the 10 year boys—10 years married. In others there was fear and anticipation, —the sweethearts—and in most cases the fears were well founded because the "Dear Johns" arrived almost as soon as the first dive bombers. Lastly, pure sorrow (The real boys) Most of them had never been away from home and for them the world lay not as an oyster, but as an octopus lurking with tentacles at the ready for the first sign of let down of guards.

Now comes the ocean. Big ships, a far cry from the raft on a slough at home. Some were sick just from looking over the ship's side. Others because the three day embarkation leave is catching up to them. But sick or not, the convoy gets underway, as do the crown and anchor

games, while in Europe an enemy lies trembling in it's boots.

Life on board ship soon becomes dull and monotonous, every deck has been explored and the height of the waves compared to buildings back home. Now begins the lying and bragging. All over the ship you see little groups of men just:

"Yak, yak, yak, yakking."

"I had 50 thousand."

"I told him good."

"I, I, and I."

But the gem appears when the guy told of his wife applying for relief.

"D'you owe any back house rent?" she was asked.

Drawing herself to her full height proudly: "Sir, we got modern plumbing."

One day land appears on the horizon and preparations for landing begins. Bags are packed and gear is shined and polished for the invasion of a friendly land.

Hey, man! Dig that crazy train! Pack-laden men cramming into the paper-doll cars that really are as comfortable as our own. Roars of laughter greet the sharp 'peep' with which English trains leave the station. Then, *WHAM!* everybody falls all over everything as the train halts abruptly. Someone has found the sign reading: *Five pounds penalty for anyone pulling this cord except in case of emergency.* Soon, things are put to rights and the train moves on again to the first taste of a blackout. Shades are drawn and the eagerly scanned new countryside is blacked out. The bragging and lying begins all over again. This time to a different tune. Now it's; "Watch me!"

"I'll bet!"

"Just wait. They catch lunatics with face powder, fancy dresses and pretty smiles— Boy, am I crazy!" until everybody is sleeping the sleep of the just.

Morning finds the train drawing into a small station and disembarkation routine in once again the order with an ensuing scramble for favoured positions in the barrack room once they're reached. The foreign life begins.

With the new life comes a new language. A flashlight is a torch, gasoline is petrol, a streetcar is a tram, movies are flicks and a tomato is a tomawto. Civilian rationing is encountered. The politician screams "Guns for butter," and the soldier "Sweet Caps for Sweethearts." The populace throws open its doors for the boys from the Colonies and a new mode of life is discovered—and compared. Hospitality is lavish and food is offered as though there were plenty. "Would you like a hot cookie?"

"No thanks, I brought one."

M.P's. having a field day with open collars, gas mask cases filled with pyjamas and toilet articles instead of gas masks, and the rare guy A. W. O. L.

It's a war of waiting, but air raids give a taste of things to come and bomb stories are the barrack room topic now. "The one I saw. Sure was some fire, and boy, what a bang!" Not all of the explosions were the result of bombing. In one case the engineer was full and the boiler empty.

Weddings became frequent. These

(Continued on page 23)

Tight Rope

By DADELL. Reprinted from the RAIFORD RECORD

The idea of rehabilitation and release from incarceration on parole has had a splendid effect on our institutions. They, too, have adopted the theory that because a man has made a mistake and gotten into difficulty with the law, it doesn't necessarily follow that he can never amount to anything. For this reason these institutions are applying the practice of humanitarianism so that any inmate committed to their supervision may, if he has a mind to do it, rehabilitate himself and make himself capable of facing the world when his term of imprisonment is over.

— Judge Alva F. Marsh
(via "The Encourager")

I had just stepped off the train when I heard his voice. "Hey—hey, Jerry! Over here!"

I turned and looked toward the sound. He was a little man with an expressionless face and hard eyes—a face that looked like it had been carved from stone. I didn't recognize him but, well, I'd been away for a long time. I followed him into the depot restaurant where we seated ourselves in a corner booth and ordered coffee.

I tried to place him, but the granite face didn't ring any bells. Apparently he knew me and he'd gone to a lot of trouble to find out which train I'd be on.

"Where's your luggage?" That was his first question.

"Are you kidding? I'm wearing everything I own!"

I tried to detect some emotion in his features, but I couldn't and it irritated me. When the coffee came

I poured some into my saucer to let it cool.

"How was the joint, Jerry?"

Damn! He even knew I'd been in stir. He knew a lot about me. "It ain't a summer resort!"

I thought he might smile, but he didn't—just a chuckle followed by a cough. "Didn't think it was." He coughed again. "How does it feel to be out?"

"How would it feel to you?"

"Don't want any more of it, do you?" The beady eyes glared at me. I couldn't see them clearly because the brim of his slouch hat concealed most of his face.

I shook my head to the question.

"Heard a lot about you, Jerry."

"Good or bad?"

"From where I sit—good."

"What was it?"

"Heard you could bust a safe like a tin can and could do it without making a racket. That on the level?"

"You're doing the talking."

"You see, I went to a lot of trouble to get hold of you." He went into a long explanation about how hard it was to get information about my release date from the State and find out which train I'd arrive on, plus a lot about my past life. He was going on and on when I stopped him.

"Just a second. I wasn't released on expiration."

He bobbed his head up and down. "Yeah, I know. But still I've got a good deal to talk over with you."

"Legit?"

"What'd you think?" His voice fell to a whisper. "Listen, I know where there's a box with twenty grand. All I need is somebody like you to bust

up. One job and then you'll be set for a while. You can invest the dough—buy a little business—do a lot of things. Ten grand ain't chicken feed! One job—that's all. Just one job!"

I thought about it, and then thought about prison and the three years I'd just finished building. I did a lot of thinking during those few minutes. I'd built three on ten and had a seven-year parole. Seven years in which I'd have to walk a chalk line—keep out of trouble—toe the mark. If I didn't I'd go back to prison, and I don't like prison.

What puzzled me was where this character had gotten the impression I was a safe-cracker. I'd only busted

A man just out of prison broke has many problems

and — well — ten grand is ten grand!

it. Think of it, Jerry! Twenty grand—ten apiece!"

"I told you I'm on parole. I can't afford to get mixed up in nothing like that."

"Don't worry about getting violated. I've got connections. I can fix it so's your parole officer won't know a thing about it. Know what I mean?"

"Yeah. Payoff."

"Right! Now you wouldn't want to miss out on a deal like this. I've waited six months for you to show so we could crack that baby and get that twenty grand."

I took the cigarette he offered me and as we lit up he went on, "Jerry, you ain't got but a few bucks. Nobody leaving stir has anything. Wise

one in my life and that was sheer accident. It wasn't much more than a tin can and just a little prying had snapped the lock, but I'd gotten ten years for that little prying and I didn't want to get any more time stacked on top of what I already had.

"Can't see it," I finally told him.

His face almost showed some expression. "Can't see it!" he exploded. "You're out of your mind! Look, you're an ex-con. The people you're going to work for know that. You'll never get anywhere making thirty or forty bucks a week."

"I'll never get anywhere trying to bust safes, either."

"So you made a mistake — next

(Continued on page 16)

The



Other

Side

By Warden P. Lainson

Reprinted from The PRESIDIO, Iowa State Penitentiary

As we start a new year I am reminded of the fact that in 1955 I will start on my fourteenth year as a prison warden. During that time I have seen many changes in our national penal picture, most of them progressive and beneficial.

We have come a long way in the past two decades but our progress has been measured in inches and feet as every step of the way has been filled with road blocks thrown up by backward thinkers, non-progressives and the carry-overs from the old school of penology who worked on the sole theory of "lock 'em up, take them out of circulation and break their spirit." That we have miles and miles to go before we attain any real degree of success in handling our national crime problem can be laid directly to the doors of these old, hard-bitten conservatives who continue to feel that the world should return to the horse and buggy and that men can be made better through ample use of the club, the cell, solitude and the deprivation of everything a human needs and desires ex-

cept meager food and clothing.

Pick ten persons at random on any street, ask them any question on penology, criminology, crime, penitentiaries, jails and punishment and I'll wager that only rarely will you find even one who can speak volubly on any of these subjects except punishment. Almost without exception, every one of them will state vehemently that "when they break the law they ought to get the limit." Then ask the question that has plagued every penologist, criminologist and warden in the country, "what should we do about them after they've gotten the limit, served their time and are turned loose to make their way in the free world?" And the answer will almost always be the same: "That's not our responsibility. If they haven't learned their lesson then send them back to prison. That's what we pay taxes for, to hire police forces to give us protection."

It is this sort of thinking that causes our crime statistics to increase rather than decrease as they should in a nation that boasts of leading the

rest of the world in progress. True, our taxes support law enforcement agencies for our protection. But most of this protection is of a negative nature as an offense must be committed before the police may intervene or step in. Thus, protection in the main consists of apprehension and punishment rather than prevention. Call it what you will, this is still putting the cart before the horse. And it just doesn't make sense.

When we commence receiving discharged prisoners back into the community as people who have paid for their mistakes, establish their right

to work at any trade or profession for which they are fitted and without bias or discrimination, stop unwarranted arrests by evereager law men who harass and discourage men striving for re-establishment, treat them as men and not as social pariahs, then we will have done more to combat crime and reduce our penal populations than we have in almost two centuries of futile planning and programming. For while it may be nurtured to some extent in the prison, we must recognize that crime actually spawns and re-spawns within the community.

Puns 'n Punches



Nowdays when you're through eating at a swell restaurant you really do need an after -- dinner mint. Probably the Philadelphia one.

"My poor fellow," said the lady, "here is a quarter for you. Goodness gracious, it must be dreadful to be lame, but just think how much worse it would be if you were blind."

"Yer right, lady," agreed the beggar, "when I wuz blind I wuz always gettin' counterfeit money."

Two friends were leaving a theatre. One of them had been impressed by the picture.

"Isn't it wonderful what progress pictures have made within a few years?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm . . .

"Amazing!" his friend replied. "First they moved, then they talked, and now this one smells."



Boxer — "Isn't it a long distance from the dressing-room to the ring?"

Opponent — "Yes, but you won't have to walk. You'll ride!"

THIS *and* THAT



By S. C. Smith

As one who reads the daily newspapers fairly thoroughly, I oft times run across little items which draw my attention. Sometimes they are news items, at other times, letters to the Editors or else items on the Editorial pages. They are all expressions of opinion, except in the case of out and out news items which are naturally written as they occurred. Some I agree with, others I don't, which I expect is everyone's privilege. As an amateur in the writing game and at the present time on the staff of the Mountain Echoes, I too, feel inclined to express an opinion, especially on items which might affect or pertain to criminals, penal establishments or the dispensation of justice as portrayed in the daily newspapers.

For instance, while glancing through the letters to the Editor column of one of our daily newspapers the other day, I noted a letter which had been submitted by a Mr. Sam Billings of Stonewall, Man. My attention was attracted immediately for several reasons. First, because Stonewall is only about seven miles from this bastille and also because the letter dealt with the rec-

ent newspaper outburst concerning prisoners working for some farmer while serving sentences in Brandon Gaol.

I have no axe to grind on said subject but what caught my eye was one paragraph in Mr. Billings' letter to the Editor. Mr. Billings apparently agrees with the Government's policy of condoning prisoners being employed where they see fit. Be that as it may. Mr. Billings further stated, in what seemed to me, to be an attempt to justify his stand, that the men serving sentences in Brandon Gaol were not criminals in the sense that men serving time at Stony Mountain are.

Let me assure Mr. Billings that the basic difference is just one day. By that, I mean that one man could rob someone and receive, say, two years less one day, which would necessarily be served in Brandon. Another man with the same record and the same charge could be sentenced to two years, exactly one day more, which would automatically consign him to Stony Mountain and also into Mr. Billings' list of special criminals. Does Mr. Billings believe that the term qualifies the criminal?

My reason for dealing with this subject is because I feel that Mr. Billings himself feels that the inmates of Stony Mountain are desperadoes of the worst type. By his letter to the Editor of a local newspaper, Mr. Billings has also possibly instilled this thought in the minds of people who may have read his expression of opinion. Let me further assure Mr. Billings, and anyone else interested, that the inmates of Stony Mountain are not just a bunch of animals, chained behind bars, waiting for the opportunity to be turned loose and cudgel someone to death. This is no Sunday school but there are some pretty nice guys in here who are trying to pay for their errors. They are not looking for sympathy neither are they asking to be branded as creatures

from another world.

If Mr. Billings had taken the trouble he would have discovered that Stony Mountain inmates also work on our farm and also come in contact in their daily work with the families of the staff of this institution. I have yet to hear of any one of them taking advantage of the situation. True, some of them have become weary of the daily routine and have suddenly highballed across the prairie in the general direction of freedom. That occurs everywhere, even at Brandon. No, methinks Mr. Billings has either been misinformed or else he believes that due to Stonewall's proximity to Stony Mountain, this makes him an authority on criminals, especially the ones at the Mountain. ●

HAROLD WEIR, NOTABLE COLUMNIST OF THE VANCOUVER SUN, HAD THIS TO SAY ABOUT PENAL PUBLICATIONS

I wish all these penitentiary magazines had a wider circulation because much of our penology is based, necessarily, on the public's concept of the criminal. And the public's conception of the criminal is a low-browed animal, little higher than an ape, who would sooner kill than eat.

There are, of course, figures of gross brutality among criminals. There are those of whom even the most ardent reformers despair and who seem to have declared unceasing war against society.

But the vast majority of those behind bars in our penal institutions are men and women who, through an error or errors in moral judgement, have made a mistake or a series of mistakes.

The only difference between these people and the men outside who write harsh editorials about them is a difference of degree and consequences. For the fact has been established for quite a long time that errors in judgement are fairly common among even the best of the human race.

The men in our penitentiaries who seek to better themselves and seek to know themselves are to be honored, not reviled.

And I, for one, would choose a good neat burglar any day rather than a smug Pharisee who would write that sympathy and understanding for convicts is nonsense.

TIGHT ROPE *(Concluded)*

time you'll be more careful."

"Yeah." I agreed with him, "but that mistake cost me three years in prison with seven more to pull out here."

He just stared at me for a moment.

"You through?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Okay, get gone!"

"What?"

"Get gone! I'm not busting safes for you, for me, or anybody else. I like this free air too much."

"Sure you don't want the deal?"

"Yeah, I'm sure."

"You're making a mistake."

"I'd be making one if I threw in with you."

"Okay, I'll find somebody else."

"Get gone, then, and find him!"

He never changed expression, just got up and left me sitting there. I sat a long time drinking my coffee, then ordered another cup and drank it. Maybe I really had made a mistake, giving him the brush-off—like he said.

Finally I left the booth and caught a cab to the courthouse where the parole supervisor had his offices. I was about forty-five minutes late and he'd probably blow his wig about it.

His offices were on the top floor. I found the right door and walked in.

"Yes?" the girl at the desk asked.

"Just got in — want to see the supervisor."

"What's your name?" She was smiling. It was good to see a girl smile again.

"Jerry Standish." I almost blurted out my prison number behind it, but caught myself.

She spoke over the inter-com a moment, then told me to go right in.

I did.

There, with his hand out and a smile on his stony face, was the character who had met me at the train station.

"No more safes, huh, Jerry?" he asked, really smiling this time.

"No, sir." I told him. "No more safes."

INTERESTING FIGURES

The annual report for the John Howard Society at Vancouver for the year ending 1954 presents some very interesting figures.

Last year this society recieved \$13,428 from the Community Chest, plus a federal grant of \$2,500. Yet the amount distributed to needy ex-prisoners was less than \$1,600. Salaries accounted for a staggering \$12,000, while the balance of the total expenditure went largely for the administrative expenses.

It may be noted that the federal grant more than covers the amount "given away" to ex-prisoners. The entire \$13,428 donated by the citizens of Vancouver was swallowed up in operating expenses.

I imagine that if many other charitable organizations were investigated, their books would reveal a similar story. I have nothing against the John Howard Society and agree with their avowed aims, but I am sure that the original John Howard (who spent his life crusading for penal reform) would take a dim view of this annual report.



Things I'd Like To See

By S. C. Smith

Some of the "creeps" who insist on biting the hand that feeds them, by knocking over Alec Turk's business establishment and home, look up the word "principle" in Websters, then take gas

Willie Unrow buy his own pucks, it's pretty expensive supplying pucks when he breaks one with his terrific slapshot.

Steve with a "crew-cut" of his own.

An indoor hockey rink with a moving picture screen at one end and a balcony at the other so that everyone would be happy.

Someone explain to 'killer' Keachie that the machine he thinks is a pencil sharpener is, in fact, a razor blade sharpener.

Mr. Darby. . .

Hockey coaches, Provost, Ritchie and Boucher get their applications in early if they wish to have a look at the Hockey Championship Trophy

which will be in Coach Reese's cell at the end of the present hockey season.

A little less jealousy and a little more harmony.

A "Liniment-for-LeBlonde" drive be inaugurated so that old "aches and pains" will give us a little peace after each hockey game.

Roy Aimoe tell someone the true story concerning "The kids on the corner."

That shade of green in a passionate dream,

Visit me every night.

I gloat and scheme as I build up steam;

Huh, breakfast? Ain't that a fright?

Ritchie stop checking the Print Shop every morning for his pussy.

Committeeman Wilson visit his old haunts, such as the Echo office occasionally.

Stay-at-home-wife: "Darling how thoughtful. That hotel where you stayed during the convention sent me a blue nightgown."

A Treasure In The Heart Of Men

By B. Reese

Behind prison walls, volunteers offer their health—sometimes their lives—to medical research, to give blood to clinics, and for little or no reward.

In the past many an article has been written on the life and exploits of inmates in penitentiaries and other correctional institutions across the country. But only a few ever mention what could have been done or what should be done in order to have these men and women regain that standing in society that they once lost due to their imprisonment.

An inmate stepping out the door of an institution is met by a barrier which must be broken before either he or she can start to regain that place, (lost by the imprisonment) in society. This cannot be done in a day or two, it has to be accomplished little by little. This accomplishment could be fulfilled if the inmate received the help as needed by so many, and what could be termed a decent break in regards to employment. This

is his greatest necessity upon release.

During confinement there are many inmates who have realize what the ultimate ending could be if they continued to be a part of this cloistered existence. In order to overcome this obstacle, inmates spend many hours within their cells and in the prison shops studying and learning various vocations.

Take for example some of the men and women in those institutions where volunteer work for medical research goes on. Some of these human guinea pigs who volunteered in this form of medical science became so interested in the various diseases to which they were subjected to that they decided to learn more about them.

They sought out such jobs as laboratory work, nurse's aides, and hospital technicians in order to further their knowledge. Little did they know or perhaps it was planned by them, that they would find a great satisfaction in making this their life's work. Some achieved their purpose with great success.

Take the case of a woman who worked so well on hepatitis experiments that she was paroled to become a technician in a university hospital. Or the example of a man doing ten years who volunteered to aid in combatting malaria, and after recovering began training as a technician. Three years later he sat for the examinations and became a medical technologist.

And then again there are the hundreds upon hundreds of inmates in institutions throughout Canada and the United States who donate their blood time and time again to the Red Cross. Do they do this for self gain? Of course not. A leading doctor in a statement about these men said, "Prisoners volunteer chiefly because of a social conscience which many do not realize they had. Selfish motives only play a secondary role."

There are many instances which could be quoted about the men behind bars who have given their bodies

for medical research. We could also devote considerable space to those institutions whose inmates donated sufficient funds in order to adopt an orphan from war torn Europe and Korea.

These little examples prove that old adage, "Prisoners are people."

These men and women who have done much for the betterment of medicine, and underprivileged children do not consider an obligation is due to them, and refute the caloused statements by the die-hard cynic who maintains, "That there is nothing but evil in the minds of all criminals."

And so it goes, "That men and women are not entirely lost if they are willing to help others."

As Winston Churchill said, speaking to the House of Commons about convicted criminals: "There is a treasure, if you can find it, in the heart of every man."

✚ *In Sympathy* ✚

Mr. John Buss formerly Sport's Editor of the Winnipeg Tribune and a veteran sportswriter in Canada, passed away in February.

John Buss' friends were legion and he was considered an authority on all forms of sport.

We, at Stony Mountain who met Johnny Buss, when he was a visitor at one of our Boxing Cards, quickly discovered his keen sense of humor and interest in his fellow humans.

The entire population of Stony Mountain Penitentiary extend sincere sympathies to Mrs. Buss and daughter.



Echoes In Sport- - -

By G. Madden

Jan. 29th Boston 1 — Detroit 1

Playing a close checking brand of hockey, with both clubs waiting for the breaks, Boston and Detroit had to settle for a 1-1 tie. Little Jerry Crane poked in the only Boston tally nearing the end of the first frame and the score stayed that way until early in the final period when Walker evened it all up and ended the scoring of the game. Bevan and Fox, the Boston and Detroit netminders, turned in great performances at times when they were needed. This was the second tie game in a row for Boston and was an indication that lowly Detroit is slowly but surely trying to get out of the cellar.

Chicago 5 — New York 3

With a strong passing attack working smoothly and good back-checking very much in evidence, Chicago managed to hand New York its first defeat of the season 5-3. Procille and Wallis each scored doubles and Chaboyer poked in the single. Leblonde with two and Mitchell with one were the New York scorers. It was a tight 1-1 tie until midway thru the second frame when Chicago's persistence and attacking finally paid off as they poured around the New York net and never let up. Bulloch and Cooper played great defensive hockey for the winners

while Dubroy and Aimoe played well for the losing team.

Feb. 5th. Boston 4 — Chicago 2

A stout defence and an accurate passing attack enabled the Bostonians to defeat the powerful Chicago club in this game. Little Crane with a pair and solos by Fortier and Sherbuck headed the scoring list for Boston. Chaboyer and St. Gelais were the marksmen for Chicago. Kenny Bevan, the regular Boston custodian of the twine, turned in a sparkling performance to help his team-mates earn those much needed points. Chicago got off to a poor start but were really travelling at the final whistle.

Detroit 4 — New York 4

New York scored with only a couple of minutes of play left in regulation time to earn a 4-4 stand-off against Detroit, and a very determined Detroit club it was. Holding the league leader's to a draw, and making them stage an uphill fight to even earn the tie, is a clear indication on Detroit's part that they intend to vacate the basement as soon as possible. McCooeye had a double while team-mates Wallace and Giba had singles. For New York it was Aimoe, Beattie, Girard and Mitchell who flipped the disc past Foxie, the

man who had so much rubber flying at him that he looked like a beacon ashore with the shrimp boats a comin'.

Feb 12th New York 2 — Boston 1

Playing their best game to date, the Bostonians walloped the New Yorkers by a 4-2 margin and assured themselves of a birth in the play-offs. The acquisition of Billy Morsette to the Bruins' line-up paid off nicely as he was responsible for the first 2 Boston markers while steady-going Kossar and Crane rapped in the others. Raccio & Sherbuck were solid on defence and Bevan was steady in the net for the winners. Girard and Berthelette were the Rangers scorers. A nice game to watch and a hard one to lose.

Chicago 5 — Detroit 4

Detroit put on its best display to date as they desperately sought to earn the necessary points needed to clinch a play-off spot, but were beaten by an equally hungry Chicago club who are striving to win the League Championships. St. Gelais and Procille with doubles and Germaine a single were the Hawk scorers. Raymond, McCooye, Benham and Berrigan with a single apiece paced the Wing's attack. Bud Winters became the first serious casualty when he suffered a broken leg-bone due to a crash into the boards. His loss will be felt keenly by his team-mates as Bud always gave his best while on the ice and was a real spark-plug.

Feb 19th Chicago 1 New York 2

Meeting for the last time to end the regular schedule, the Rangers

skated off with a narrow 2-1 victory and the league Championship. Chicago got off to a good start half-way through the first stanza when St. Gelais slammed in the lone Chicago marker but short minutes later G. Mitchell tied it all up on a neat passing display. At 9:30 of the 2nd. frame, Girard scored what eventually proved to be the final goal of the game by neatly flipping in a wandering puck. The Rangers now await the winner of the semi-finals and should be favorites to add the Cup to their laurels.

Detroit 1 — Boston 2

The final game of the regular schedule earned Boston the right to meet Chicago in the semi-finals when they stopped Detroit 2 - 1 after a stiff and hectic encounter. Morsette put the Bruins ahead at 14:10 of the first and Kossar practically sewed it up at 5.45 of the last period when he managed to blast one past Foxie. With a 2-0 lead, the Bruins were playing it smart from there on and it was on a clearing play in front of their own nets that by an unlucky break the puck was deflected into the nets by one of their own players, thus spoiling Bevan's bid for another shut-out. McCooye was credited with the goal.

"A" League Final Standings

<i>Team</i>	<i>P</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>L</i>	<i>T</i>	<i>GF</i>	<i>GA</i>	<i>Pts</i>
N.Y.	9	5	2	2	35	27	12
Chi.	9	5	4	0	34	28	10
Bos.	9	4	3	2	28	22	10
Det.	9	1	6	2	16	36	4

All-Stars Lose First Game

January 30th. Air Force 3 — All-Stars 6

Having been beaten the previous week-end on their initial visit here, a rugged and hard playing team of Airmen returned to avenge themselves but, the best they could manage to do was to be beaten by an identical score, 6-3. This is no reflection on the playing or ability of the flying boys but rather proof that the local All-Stars are a great team. McAuley, of the Stars, earned his second successive hat trick as he netted the rubber three times in the opening period which, along with Karchesky's single, gave the locals a 4-0 lead at the end of the first. The sky boys got two back in the middle frame from the sticks of McDonald and Harris, while the Stars added one when Chaboyer scored. Francis made it an even half-dozen in the final 20 minutes and the best the Air Force could do was another singleton tapped in by Lapointe to end the scoring.

February 6th. Wpg. Monarchs 15 — All-Stars 2

A five-game winning streak was stopped cold by the visiting Winnipeg Monarchs as they demonstrated why they are leading the Manitoba Junior League at present. Headed by Pat Lyons—a friend indeed to all the boys here—coached by H. Nicholson and well trained by Ed Haverstock, the game can be aptly described as true proof of what good conditioning, coaching and managing can do for those who have the necessary requirements. Even in losing by such a lop-sided score, the Stars never quit trying and deserve a cheer for effort. Leblonde and McAuley scored the locals' only goals in fine style and Roski, in the nets for the Stars, earned the fans whole-hearted approval for his great showing. To name the outstanding star of the Monarchs is a pleasure. Pat Lyons. The understanding and fairness shown by this man is only overshadowed by his generosity.

February 13th. Navy 4 — All-Stars 9

The Navy paid their second visit to the 'Mountain' and only the fact that they are superb sailors saved them from being swamped, torpedoed and scuttled as the Stars keel-hauled them by a 9-4 score. Karchesky and Hunt had singles, McAuley and Francis doubles, and McCooey with a hat trick had the Navy ready to man the lifeboats and cast off from the sinking ship. Shaw, Stevens, Moore and Tilley were the naval marksmen responsible for salvaging their craft and preventing it from submerging completely. The first two periods were fairly divided but in the final slot the Stars really poured it on in all departments while the Navy seemed to fade. The fans enjoyed the contest but would have liked to see the visitors win.

PRISON (Concluded)

revolting, even in this *enlightened, civilized, intelligent, modern world* we are presently existing in. Only the hope of tomorrow, the chance at a new life when we are again free, and the faith in the thought that we will be strong enough to face the complexity of life in that freedom, and that we will be able to remain free; keeps us going, keeps us alive. With

this, the belief that you will mark our debt *Paid in Full*, not continue to exact that pound of flesh for an ounce of wrong.

We want to be the man next door, the husband, the father, the friend. Most of all, we want to be wanted, needed—as we want and need. For this is the most damning loss we suffer in here. This is what really makes a prison. ●

INVASION (Concluded)

English had something on the ball. They weren't cute, but refreshingly nice and could be delightfully whacky viz; "Is my face dirty or is it my imagination?"

"Your face is clean but I don't know about your imagination!"

Soon, however, war became a serious business for most and the tour continued to places not previously advertised. The tour had a new manager. Names such as Phillipville and Robertville in North Africa were bandied about to be followed by Messina, Naples, Rome, Caen, Dieppe, Amsterdam, and later, much

later, "PIG ALLEY," Paris.

To many, each name has a particular memory. Some are fine memories, some sad, but perhaps the happiest was of the particular place he was in when Armistice was sounded and home again in the offing.

Reams have been written about the glorious deeds of troops, but the individual deeds, good or bad, both in and out of battle, are treasures to be counted by the individual alone, and while wars come and go, these memories will fade and revive to provide satisfaction for a full and eventful life. ●

DEEP RIVER BOYS (Concluded)

and among the requests they filled were that ever popular classic *Stardust*, and a song which they recorded quite recently, *Lucky Black Cat*. Among the many other songs they sung were such numbers as *Honey, Honey!*, *Mister Sandman*, *Shake, Rattle and Roll*, *Oh, Shoo-by Dooby*, and last but by no means least that International favorite *Ole Man River*.

Needless to say we would've been

glad to listen to them all night but all *good* things must come to an end.

During intermission we were regaled by the nimble witticisms of Michael Hopkins, jovial MC of the *Rancho Rendezvous*, which emanates nightly from Charlie Mazzone's Rancho Don Carlos. He left no doubts as to the reasons for his incredible popularity with his listeners. All in all a fine show, gentlemen. Thanks a million! ●

Penal

Echo - ettes

By G. Enns

The Clock Your series of articles "A Trip Across The Line," in the January and February editions were well done. However, we must remember that all penal establishments in Canada are broken into two groups—federal—which penitentiaries are a part of—and provincial. There is a big difference in the operation of the two.

Pathfinder Congratulations on your recent Amateur Show. We had no idea that your show was sent over the airwaves in order to raise funds for the purpose of aiding to combat tuberculosis. A worthy effort indeed.

Shadows Received your winter edition and glad to see you back in the fold. Your magazine has always packed a wallop and the long absence has not taken any of its punch away. Sorry to note, however, that you are only publishing on a quarterly basis. Perhaps time will rectify this. Let us hope so. What ever happened to that interesting feature Swami Bhum Ali Bhi?

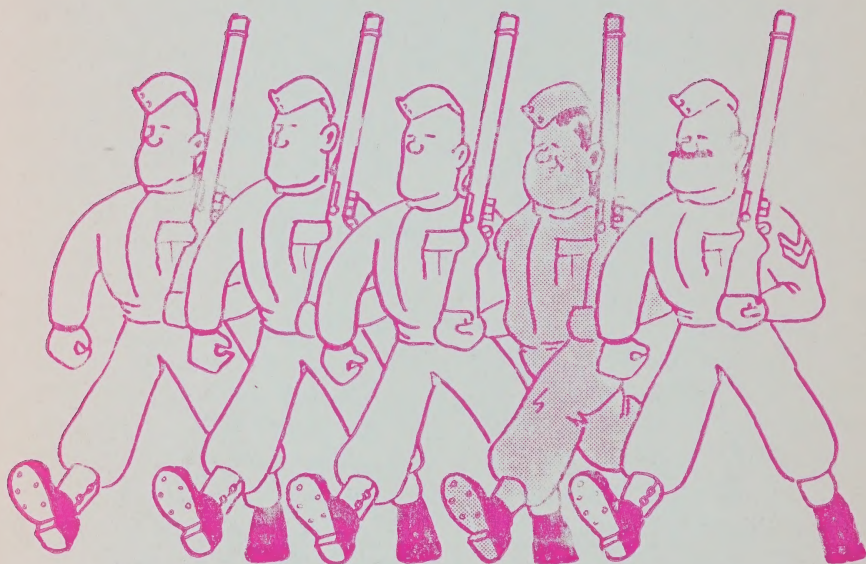
Spectator Got quite a kick out of your editorial, "Angle-shooters." We quote: "Flattery and bootlicking to officialdom are the chief stock in trade of this angle-shooting fraternity. Any one of them will spend hours hovering around any official, minor or important, to obtain a small privilege for himself. Or he'll lie about another inmate — perhaps even tell the truth, which is sometimes worse — for the same purpose.

Pen-O-Rama Congrats on your 3rd. Anniversary. Enjoyed reading "Is Life Too Soft In Prison?" by G. Beland. Too many persons who know too little, speak too loudly of conditions about which they know nothing. It is articles such as these which we hope will set record straight.

Island Lantern We can imagine your enthusiasm over the recent visit of the Harlem Globe Trotters at your institution, We were also fortunate enough to have them grace our basketball court with the Boston Whirlwinds supplying the opposition a couple of years ago.

Rambling around the circuit:—Time Under new management and a little more interesting. Keep it up. **Prison Mirror** Liked Jay Bee's "The Queen of Spades." **Pioneer News** Can't get over your pictorial section showing the premiere ceremonies of "Unchained." Your February issue the finest yet. **Hill Top News** Not so cold up here—only 35° below so far this year.

Warden's Files.



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